Carrier Boy's Address for 1886.

The Peterborough Review.

A HAPPY NEW YEAR.

1886
(30)

New Year Address.

A year I have been silent. All that time
Others have spoken, I their views conveyed;
But now I will address you, and in rhyme,
But if the metre's bad be not dismayed.

In summer silly jokes are all the go,
And anything will then for humour pass;
In winter poets rave about the snow
And with such things the reader they harass.

But 'tis in facts—not sentiment—I deal,
As you will find if you will read my verse;
Though my ideas may not be ideal,
Than Tennyson's they could not well be worse.

The British Empire.

A cruel king in Asia ruled,
Whose great delight was shedding gore;
With the British lion's tail he fooled,
And now he is a king no more.

And Burmah part of Britain is,
The people are not slaves, but free;
The year to them has brought great bliss—
To freedom raised from slavery.

The Russian bear has prowled around,
Sending forth an ugly sound,
Near England's Indian territory—
Next year 'bout this we'll have a story,
For if the grizzly beast stays there,
There will next year be no more bear.

Canada.

Our own dear land a trial has had,
  Such as we do not want again,
For many homes through it are sad
  By having loved ones hurt or slain.

Riel rebellion's standard raised,
  Deluded follower's flocked around.
Our young Dominion was amazed
  To see such actions on her ground.

The red men through his bribery rose;
  On stolen goods they held great feasts;
Poor settlers fell beneath their blows;
  They murdered agents, settlers, priests.

Hark! a cry goes o'er the land;
Volunteers are soon at hand.
On toward the west they go,
Tramping over ice and snow.
Soon they reach the fatal ground
Where rebellion has been found.
Sharp the conflict, and severe.
But Canadians know not fear;
Cannons roared and sabres flashed,
Rifles cracked and Gatlings crashed,
Bayonets gleamed beneath the sun—
And the victory was won.

Riel a prisoner became,
The Indian murderers the same;
There criminals before the courts were tried.
And for their crimes some were condemed and died.

When home again, the volunteers
Were welcomed by resounding cheers.
They fought for homes and Canada,
  And put rebellion down;
All true Canadians will say
  They won their great renown.

Peterborough.

Our town still grows; this year has seen
  New factories, churches, dwellings, stores;
Next year still greater things, I ween,
  Will be erected near our doors.

The Mayoralty has seen a change,
  Another sits in the civic chair,
And 'tis with pleasure we proclaim
  James Stevenson as our new Mayor.

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I'd like to speak about the C. P. R.,
  And many other subjects still in store,
But as I said so much about the war
  Until another year I'll say no more,

Except a word, in private, if you will,
  To wish for you and yours a year of joy,
And to express the hope that you do still
  Bear in your mind your faithful

Carrier Boy.